

# Spirit of the Age.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

A Weekly Family Journal; Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Education, Agriculture and News of the Day.

VOLUME X.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 15, 1859.

NO. 42.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY  
ALEXANDER M. GORMAN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:  
Single Subscribers, \$1.50 per annum.  
To clubs of 5 and upwards, \$1.00 each;  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be sent longer than the time  
for which it has been paid; and no paper sent  
unless the cash accompanies the order.  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates  
of advertising.

## Temperance Reading.

The following letter from the Editor was received too late for last week's issue:

PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1859.  
Our time has been so constantly occupied with the meetings of the National Division, that we have had little opportunity to prepare a well-digested account of its proceedings in this letter. But we trust to be able to make even this brief and imperfect account interesting to our readers.

In our last letter, we merely announced the organization of the Nat. Div. Accompanying this, we send extracts from the interesting and able report of the M. W. Patriarch; and also from the report of the M. W. Scribe. It will be seen by the latter, that the number of members in the Order has been increased during the past year by over ten thousand, and that a general revival throughout the jurisdiction has prevailed—and that at this time the Order is in a more prosperous and advancing condition than for the past five years. I will now resume my summary of the doings of the National Division.

On the evening of the 1st, the members of the Nat. Div. attended a grand Festival given by "Ark of Safety Division." It was glorious convivial meeting—speeches, wit, and repartee prevailed—accompanied by many of the good things of life, making it indeed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," without the use of those beverages so often called into requisition to warm the heart and awaken friendly feelings. The meeting continued till near midnight.

On the 22d inst., a large amount of business was laid before the N. D., most of which was referred to appropriate committees. The memorial of the G. D. of North Carolina, under the age of eighteen, to vote in their Subordinate Divisions, was not agreed to by the N. D., for the reason that all the G. D. of N. C. asked for was allowed to such Subordinates, under dispensation of the G. D.

In the afternoon, the members of the N. D., in accordance with the invitation of Chesnut Hill Division, took an excursion to that beautiful Village, some ten miles from the City, and spent the afternoon most pleasantly. We stopped at the flourishing town of Germantown, and were surprised to see so large and prosperous a place, with a population of some 14,000 inhabitants. We went on the observatory of the Town Hall, which commands one of the finest views we have ever seen. Here we saw the battle-field of Germantown, so celebrated in our revolutionary history. We have never seen anywhere so many beautifully adorned and elegantly laid out grounds, and we many times wished our North Carolina farmers could have seen what full and perfect cultivation will do on small farms. I would like to say much on this subject, but have not time now. The afternoon was spent most delightfully, and we returned to the City about 7 o'clock.

At night, the grand reception of the G. D. took place in the mammoth Hall of the Musical Academy—said to be the most magnificent Hall, perhaps, in the world, and capable of holding four or five thousand persons. It was very nearly full of interested spectators, who paid 25 cents entrance fee.

The following is the Report of the Most Worthy Patriarch.  
Most Worthy Brothers:—On entering upon the business of the Sixteenth Annual Session of the National Division, I congratulate you, Brother Representatives, upon the favorable auspices under which we have assembled.

Representing an organization that unites in fraternal bonds, American citizens and British subjects, from the frozen regions of the North to the sunny plains of the South, spreading its beneficent influences east and west, across the vast expanse of the New World, from the swelling surges of the Atlantic to the gentle gales that sport on the bosom of the illimitable Pacific.

"No pent up Utes contract our powers,  
But the whole Southern Continent is ours."  
Assembled in this beautiful city, renowned for humanity and brotherly-love from its earliest settlement; identified with some of freedom's proudest triumphs and loftiest achievements; its stirring traditions and hallowed associations, are of themselves, calculated to excite to noble enterprises, and to nerve our hearts for the great work in which we are engaged.

As my predecessors have invariably addressed Annual Communications to the National Division, I will not presume to depart from the custom, but shall proceed at once to lay before you whatever suggestions I have to offer.

seem, with defensive garrisons, to hold fortifications thrown up during the first triumphant campaign of the Sons. In a few of the States, however, it is to be feared our standards have been deserted; whilst in others a more remnant, after witnessing the death struggles and desolation around them for years, have heroically determined to rescue the sinking ship, and are now, with Spartan bravery, facing the enemy that had almost conquered them.

The fluctuating successes attending our operations throughout the country, may be readily understood, and accounted for, by those of us who have studied the system and watched its workings.

In their anxiety to adopt a matured scheme on solid foundations, the founders of our Order copied freely from existing organizations established for other purposes. The country was ready and waiting anxiously for some bond of union under which to rally for the suppression of intemperance, whose great central principle should be total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and whose prominent characteristic should be a self-denying devotion to the good of mankind. It is not, therefore, surprising that thousands and tens of thousands flocked to our standards; nor is it strange that in the pressing throng that rushed into our ranks at first, a large number came with all the objects in view than those which all true Sons of Temperance have when entering our circle of honor. Flashed with success, and stimulated with a laudable desire to improve the auspicious beginning to the very best advantage, the fathers of our Order did not pause until the peaceful triumph of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, had swept over the Continent.

But a calm usually follows a storm; and so when the popularity of our Order had reached its zenith, and the system under which we had mustered so hastily, had to abide the test of rigid scrutiny, of course the dispassionate and searching inquiry that ensued, detected numerous defects in the organization; and prudence and discretion were then necessary to begin the work of reform cautiously, so that in due time the plan revised might embody the experience and wisdom of the best temperance men living.

Among the radical defects that stood out in bold relief, I shall be pardoned, I hope, for enumerating the following:  
The exclusion of ladies entirely, and of young men during the most critical period of life.

An undue regard for mere ceremony, and a tendency to cloistered seclusion from the world outside, having in view probably the recognition of the brotherhood everywhere by some mysterious and private tokens.

An indiscriminate beneficiary feature, on the principle of savings banks, which very soon rendered our treasuries bankrupt, and made a spurious Charity the leading and most attractive inducement to join the Order.

These fundamental errors have all been partially corrected, but time will be required to recover from them fully, and to unite heartily in the change which experience has demonstrated to be necessary. Impatience, restless spirits among us, however, took advantage of this opportunity to originate other Temperance orders, with high-sounding titles, all having professedly the same object in view. Copying from our system all that they esteemed good, and rejecting all that was regarded objectionable—recruiting mostly from our ranks, it is not surprising that thousands were induced to wander off in search of a better route.

It happened too, unfortunately, just at this critical period of our history, that the National Division, willing to concede something to the urgent demands of those among us, who from the beginning deemed elaborate and imposing ceremonies with signs and grips of recognition, as essential to the permanent success and stability of the Order, compromised the matter by recognizing and adopting an Adjunct Order, as an experiment probably. In my judgment, the simplicity and unity of our organization suffered from this innovation.

The degrees have been not popular or successful, and probably never will be. The admission of Ladies into our Division was strongly felt to be proper, for years before the question was sprung upon the National Division. Some of the Grand Divisions impatiently urged the expediency and necessity of admitting them immediately to all the privileges of membership; others hesitated and doubted the policy. The question was discussed with great earnestness and some feeling on both sides, and a compromise was finally agreed upon by the National Division, which has given pretty general satisfaction and done incalculable good to the Order. It might be injudicious to disturb the present arrangement, which apparently works so well and satisfactorily; but, if there happens to be a general demand for further concessions on the subject, it is due to our fair visitors to say that to them we are largely indebted for the present improved condition of the Order throughout the country.

I feel constrained to allude to another important historical event. The adoption of what is popularly termed the "Maine Law," or prohibitory legislation in several of the States, was unquestionably a most important epoch in the great Temperance reformation. It involved an entire change of policy, from regulating and licensing an admitted evil, to the very opposite and more rational course of prohibiting a traffic at open war with all that is evil, and in close alliance with all that is good in the country. Without stopping to discuss the very debatable question as to whether laws of this kind should be enacted in advance of public opinion, and thus become an educator of the popular mind, or whether it

is better to prepare the people first, and then to enact laws that shall embody exactly and be a true reflection of public sentiment—I think I may safely assert that prohibitory legislation, in the beginning of the experiment, was imperfectly sustained even by leading Temperance men, whether premature or not. In the extraordinary efforts employed to bring about such legislation, the vital forces of all existing organizations were expended—indeed, we may infer from the conduct of our friends in the States where the Maine Law was enacted, that organization and moral action were no longer deemed necessary. It seems to have been supposed that all opposition to the law would instantly cease from the time it was solemnly enacted—that it would enforce itself completely, and that in future there was no necessity for voluntary associations to help the cause in any way. In States where the Temperance sentiment was not sufficiently strong to induce prohibitory legislation immediately, our friends became impatient, relaxed their efforts; and because the popular mind would not instantly yield to this new and untired process of reforming the country at once and for ever, discouragement, if not despair, frowned upon every effort to sustain the cause in its old-fashioned career.

Before proceeding, suffer me to say that prohibitory liquor laws, in principle, are right and proper; indeed, the Temperance reformation can never be firmly established and complete without them. But, I respectfully submit that it is possible to attempt action on this subject too soon; nay, in my judgment, it is not always best for us to succeed in our eager efforts to legislate hastily and without regard to surrounding circumstances or ultimate consequences.

"It is not victory to win the field  
Unless we make our own the field  
More to our justice than our force; and so  
As well instruct, as overcome our foe."

And yet I would earnestly recommend all true Sons of Temperance to study and to understand the subject thoroughly, so that whenever and wherever it may become proper to take this advance step in our triumphant course, Temperance men, especially Sons of Temperance, may stand ready to lead on by a well understood route to victory.

Having thus briefly sketched some of the most formidable obstacles that have been thrown in our way heretofore, it may be well to consider our present standing and future prospects.

Our Rituals are now believed to be satisfactory, and the Constitutions and Rules of our Order, if not entirely acceptable, will require but slight changes to render them so. But, we can never hope to attain perfection, and must not, therefore, refuse to consider respectful memorials from subordinate bodies, pointing out defects and suggesting improvements.

For this purpose, and for other strong reasons that might be urged, I think the National Division ought to continue in session at least one week each year, and longer, if necessary.

The meetings of this body will rarely occur twice in the same city, or even in the same State. Costly preparations are made for our reception and entertainment. Representatives have to travel thousands of miles, and make heavy sacrifices, to attend. When assembled, every hour of the three or four days we usually continue in session is occupied with the ordinary routine of business. Discussion and debate must necessarily be brief and unsatisfactory under such circumstances, to say nothing of the entire absence of opportunities for leading Temperance men to become acquainted and to harmonize their views and sentiments on the great question that brings them together. It is always expected, too, that on such occasions, when the most distinguished champions of the cause are present, that extraordinary and effective public demonstrations will be made for the benefit of the community where our annual meetings are held. But within the time heretofore occupied by these most important reunions, nothing can be satisfactorily done, and I therefore respectfully recommend that, hereafter, we meet on Monday, and have it understood that the session is to continue at least one week.

Experience has demonstrated, in my satisfaction, that something ought to be done, if possible, to produce stronger sympathy between the National, Grand and Subordinate Divisions.

This very desirable result can only be attained by investing our Representative bodies with increased attractions, protracting the sessions, and by devising ways and means for defraying the actual expenses of at least one delegate from every jurisdiction. I know it is customary to elect all who are eligible to seats in the National and Grand Divisions. But, when we consider that many who are thus elected take no interest in the affairs of the Order—rarely ever attend the meetings, and are therefore without the necessary information and zeal to represent their constituents properly, I think the policy of this matter-of-course election of all who are eligible to seats, questionable. Better, in my judgment, to select judiciously from those who have passed the chairs, such as are qualified by intelligence, prudence, fidelity and zeal to represent a faithful constituency, and if these are too numerous, detail from this select number, one, two, or more special Representatives to attend, and pay their actual expenses, to ensure the attendance of some, at least, from every jurisdiction entitled to be represented.

The financial system of our organization I esteem to be exceedingly important. Its tendency is to perpetuate the Order, to equalize the burdens, and to extend by various means, involving pecuniary outlays, the blessings we enjoy, to others not yet within the circle of our influence.

Viewed in this light, and not simply as a cheap expedient to run the machinery at home, I think all well-informed Sons of Temperance, who have watched our movements closely, will agree with me, that the conditions and duties of membership, as many points, are cheapened too much, and let down from an enlightened, judicious and liberal scale to a contracted and parsimonious standard, that grates the expenditure of every dollar that is likely to circulate beyond the immediate neighborhood in which it is collected. Deeply impressed with these views, I earnestly recommend the cultivation of a more liberal and Subordinate Division, I think, to have control of this matter; but the action of most of the Grand Divisions, in requiring a very small per capita tax, has encouraged this cheapening process.

I am happy, however, to observe that a reaction is gradually taking place. Most of the Grand Divisions have within a year or two, doubled the quarterly tax or percentage, thus putting their finances on a better foundation, relieving the Treasury of this body, and rendering it necessary for Subordinate Divisions to require more weekly dues.

I have already alluded to the exhausting depletion of our Treasuries by the Benefit System, which engrossed so much attention, and led to such unfortunate results a few years ago.

Another expensive custom deserves a passing notice before dismissing the subject of finance. The employment of Star Temperance Lecturers at extravagant rates of compensation, has absorbed immense sums of money. That a great deal of good has been accomplished in this way, I will not pretend to deny; but serious evils have undoubtedly resulted. It is also too often the case, that mere talented adventurers are tempted by the strong demand, and liberal pecuniary consideration, to take the field as champions of the cause, and, while it is popular, to deliver eloquent orations on the subject. Unfortunately, however, such advocates are apt to yield too readily to adverse influences, and are, therefore, not reliable as leaders. I am glad that we have some true and world-renowned lecturers, whose hearts and souls are engaged in the work, and whose masterly appeals have silenced all opposition for the time, and inclined thousands to look upon our Order, and the cause we advocate, with favor. But very few of these are to be found in the wide extent of our country; and fewer still that can be induced to make a business of lecturing.

Art. VII. excluded them for six months at least. The effect of this decision is to make violations of the pledge less criminal than any other offence. Surely the authors of our Constitutions could not have intended this; and yet Sections 6 and 7, Art. VII. may be construed in the way I have the subject, it might be well to add that members expelled for any cause cannot be proposed again under six months.

Part X, Section 1, Constitution of the National Division, should be so amended as to require Lady Visitors to be retained as well as members; and Art. IV, Section 1, Constitution of Subordinate Divisions, would of course have to be made to conform.

Rules XIX. and XXIII, Constitution of Grand Divisions, might, in my opinion, be properly abolished entirely.

Art. I, Section 1, Revised Rules, should be amended so as to require the annual meetings of Grand Divisions to be held during the first quarter of our Temperance year.

Art. VII, Revised Rules, might be improved by changing the term "Withdrawal Card" to that of "Transfer Card."

And if new features are to be introduced, it seems to me that provision might be made, with advantage, for Life Membership in the Order, on conditions similar to those required by other Philanthropic Associations.

It also occurs to me that Subordinate Divisions might be judiciously empowered to confer honorable distinctions occasionally, in rare, well defined instances, on private members, for extraordinary merit and long continued services, by allowing limited selections to be made from this class for promotion to seats in Grand Divisions.

But, I trust you will not understand me as insisting upon amendments now; the proposed changes are only suggested, as being worthy of consideration at any time when it may be determined to revise our Constitutions—indeed, the prevailing sentiment at this time is well expressed in the following extract taken from a letter to me by one of the members now in his seat:

"The Order wants no legislation at present. All it wants is a universal moving spirit, and Divisional and Individual effort—Divisional in the missionary work of forming new Divisions, and Individual work in gaining new members."

I have thus presented to the National Division such views as have seemed to me to claim precedence on this occasion.

For more exact and satisfactory information as to the present condition of the Order generally, I refer you to the forthcoming report of our veteran M. W. S. This model officer has relieved the weighty responsibilities and duties of my office the past year, by his readiness and ability to perform any task demanded by the current exigencies of the Order.

The Report of the M. W. T. will apprise you of the financial condition of the National Division.

The bonds of the M. W. S. and M. W. T., have both been duly executed, approved, as required by the Constitution, and are now in my possession.

The M. W. A. has been untiring and eminently successful in his efforts to advance the interests of our Order during the past year; indeed, all the officers of the National Division have devoted themselves unceasingly to the work throughout the entire year just now closing.

In conclusion, suffer me to invoke from the distinguished leaders of this great reform now present, a united, hearty, and vigorous effort to direct the mighty effort to direct the mighty power that moves harmoniously in different spheres around this common centre.

The present is an auspicious occasion; the darkest period in our history is past, and our future is bright and cheering.—The Order is in many respects stronger to-day, and enjoys more substantial popularity, than ever before. It is destined, under judicious management, to move on steadily, in spite of any obstacle that may be thrown in its way, vindicating its high claims to public confidence, and superiority over every other organization of the kind for the reformation of our rum-cursed land.

Charged with the consideration of everything that may be calculated to promote the harmony and advance the interests of the Order in North America, your responsibilities are great, and the duties before you important. May your deliberations be wisely directed by an overriding Providence, and may your proceedings, thus influenced, be approved by Sons of Temperance everywhere, and crowned with the favor and blessing of our Great Patriarch!

Respectfully submitted,  
B. D. TOWNSEND, M. W. P.  
Philadelphia, Pa., June 1st, 1859.

EVERY MAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Every man is actually engaged, day by day, in writing that autobiography which neither time nor eternity will efface. It may be written in high places or in low, in public remembrance or in the honest heart of domestic affection; but we are writing fast, we are writing sure, we are writing for eternity. Happy is he who, through the grace of God assisting him, records such lessons of kindness, truth and wisdom, that when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance—happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he ascends with the Son of God to honor, glory and immortality.

An inn-keeper observing a position with only one spar, inquired of him the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another? If one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

Honestly, said the Irishman, is the best policy, if it does keep a man poor.

## Original Papers.

### THE FORSAKEN.

BY ELIZA BEE—(CONCLUDED.)

#### CHAPTER III.

"Dear, like a rainbow, may fall without a storm,  
But nature and beauty, they cannot roam."  
"So Miss Clair is dead?" said an attendant to another, in the presence of Eugene Selden, and again, Eugene placed his hand on her shoulder, as if to say, "Do not be so sadly distressed. He told her how sorry they might be at home, their own pleasant home. She would not listen, he remonstrated, but in vain. At last angry words passed between the estranged husband and wife, recrimination, sarcasm, and misery was now their daily guest. One beautiful morning when the spring flowers had grown all beautifully over Eddie's grave, after one of these unpleasant conversations, Mr. Selden said, "Ella, we are both of us unhappy. I live in an agony which I cannot endure longer. Your heart is worn and almost breaking. We cannot live thus. Will you consent to a separation?"

A shadow passed over the countenance of the beautiful Ella, the thought was agony, leave him, O what would life be without him? She could not, no she could not live. The woman did not triumph then over the angry husband, and she haughtily replied:

"As you please, Mr. Selden. Will you please tell me what is your pleasure further?"

A sharp pain ran through the heart of Mr. Selden. He thought perhaps the proposal to her might accomplish good, he dreamed not that she would acquiesce so readily. He knew that she had never been guided or controlled, only by her own feelings, and he thought she would perhaps object to the separation, and try to live a truer life. He paused a moment, then sinking into a chair, he said in mournful tones, "O Ella, my wife, will you not reflect on what you are doing. My happiness and joys depend on your decision this morning. Will you promise to lead a new life, to try to make home happy, or shall I leave you here in your grand home and fly far from my native land, to live alone in solitude and die?"

She looked at him, the strong man was weak, his head was bowed, tears were streaming down his cheeks, she answered: "It is your proposal, Mr. Selden, that we separate. It shall be as you wish, and without another word, she left the room, she went, she hardly knew whither, the wild anguish she felt was the effect of her life of false pleasure, reproach, anger, sorrow, all striving for mastery in her heart. She paused when she came to her baby's grave. She sank down beside the green grass, and tears came to her relief. "O, Eddie, would I too were lying by your side in peace," and she leaned her face on the cold sod on the grave. Memory was at work. Conscience whispered that she had done wrong, and yet pride rebelled, she could not yield; she could not acknowledge herself wrong. Never in her whole life had she said to any one those hard words to repeat in sincerity, "I am wrong, forgive me."

An hour passed away while Ella Selden communed with her own heart, the best, the brightest hour of her whole existence. She had, when that hour passed away, reversed her married life. She tried to judge herself and her husband as strangers would have done, she saw that she had been, obstinate, selfish and unkind, he had been forbearing, and though cold and indifferent sometimes, was she not to blame? She saw him in a new light, not only as the noble statesman, the admired friend, but the kind forbearing husband, her husband who had won her heart in her sunny girlhood. "O, Eugene," she cried. An arm stole softly around her, a kiss was impressed on her lips, and a voice all tremulous with emotion, said, "Ella, my wife. She could only reply, with a subdued voice,—"Forgive me, my husband, I have been so wicked, so wicked. Will you take me to your heart again, and here by our blessed baby's grave, I promise I will be a true and yielding wife." He could not speak, she said, "you will not forgive me, you will not speak. Eugene, oh, my husband, you will not send me from you, I should die, I could not live without you."

"I do, I do forgive you Ella, my wife. Never, never will we be separated save by death," and there with the yellow sunlight resting on the grave of their babe, and the sunlight of new affection in their hearts, they once more breathed the consecrated vow, a vow which they now felt should be sacredly kept even down to the cheerless grave.

The winter approached. Gay party succeeded party, and in the circle which had formerly charmed Mrs. Selden so much she was no longer seen. Many were the conjectures. It could not be ill health, the gay lady friends of her youth would whisper, for never had she looked better, neither could unhappiness be the cause, for when she appeared in the house of God with her husband, her face always wore a calm expression of happiness which could not be mistaken. They wondered—then forgot her almost entirely to fawn around some new star that shone out suddenly in the fashionable world.

And Eugene Selden, did he in his new found joy forget the love of his youth?—Did he after his sin, in forsaking her for a wealthier bride, enjoy the happiness which would have been his through life in the world-harvest? It is fearfully true, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and even though earth lays its pleasures without number at the feet of its votary, the words will ever be found true from experience, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Months passed by, in the beautiful home of Ella Selden, but not of happiness to her and her noble husband. She loved him with as fervent a love as she could give to any one, she was proud of him, of his noble mind. She listened to him with delight as he talked with the wise and great; she could not enter into his noble plans, his ideas to her were new and fatiguing, and she had never known that anything but adulation could give pleasure to the mind. Mr. Selden did not understand his wife. She could not appreciate him, and he attributed her indifference in regard to his thoughts, and words, to want of love, when in reality she loved him truly as she could, but had not the capacity of mind to sympathize with him. One there had been, when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance—happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he ascends with the Son of God to honor, glory and immortality.

Respectfully submitted,  
B. D. TOWNSEND, M. W. P.  
Philadelphia, Pa., June 1st, 1859.

EVERY MAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Every man is actually engaged, day by day, in writing that autobiography which neither time nor eternity will efface. It may be written in high places or in low, in public remembrance or in the honest heart of domestic affection; but we are writing fast, we are writing sure, we are writing for eternity. Happy is he who, through the grace of God assisting him, records such lessons of kindness, truth and wisdom, that when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance—happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he ascends with the Son of God to honor, glory and immortality.

An inn-keeper observing a position with only one spar, inquired of him the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another? If one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

Honestly, said the Irishman, is the best policy, if it does keep a man poor.

they watched in agony, and as the last ray of light beamed from his little eyes, and the smile faded from his lips, Ella wept on her husband's bosom, and said to him in the fulness of grief, "O Eugene I have only you now, my husband, my dear husband. Long and earnestly they wept on Eddie's grave, and then returned to their gloomy home, a sudden hope re-awakened in the heart of Mr. Selden, that Ella would prove a true wife. But as time passed on, she again thought for that excitement found in the gay assemblies of fashion, and on occasions had lived in that past years—

Again, and again, Eugene placed his hand on her shoulder, as if to say, "Do not be so sadly distressed. He told her how sorry they might be at home, their own pleasant home. She would not listen, he remonstrated, but in vain. At last angry words passed between the estranged husband and wife, recrimination, sarcasm, and misery was now their daily guest. One beautiful morning when the spring flowers had grown all beautifully over Eddie's grave, after one of these unpleasant conversations, Mr. Selden said, "Ella, we are both of us unhappy. I live in an agony which I cannot endure longer. Your heart is worn and almost breaking. We cannot live thus. Will you consent to a separation?"

A shadow passed over the countenance of the beautiful Ella, the thought was agony, leave him, O what would life be without him? She could not, no she could not live. The woman did not triumph then over the angry husband, and she haughtily replied:

"As you please, Mr. Selden. Will you please tell me what is your pleasure further?"

A sharp pain ran through the heart of Mr. Selden. He thought perhaps the proposal to her might accomplish good, he dreamed not that she would acquiesce so readily. He knew that she had never been guided or controlled, only by her own feelings, and he thought she would perhaps object to the separation, and try to live a truer life. He paused a moment, then sinking into a chair, he said in mournful tones, "O Ella, my wife, will you not reflect on what you are doing. My happiness and joys depend on your decision this morning. Will you promise to lead a new life, to try to make home happy, or shall I leave you here in your grand home and fly far from my native land, to live alone in solitude and die?"

She looked at him, the strong man was weak, his head was bowed, tears were streaming down his cheeks, she answered: "It is your proposal, Mr. Selden, that we separate. It shall be as you wish, and without another word, she left the room, she went, she hardly knew whither, the wild anguish she felt was the effect of her life of false pleasure, reproach, anger, sorrow, all striving for mastery in her heart. She paused when she came to her baby's grave. She sank down beside the green grass, and tears came to her relief. "O, Eddie, would I too were lying by your side in peace," and she leaned her face on the cold sod on the grave. Memory was at work. Conscience whispered that she had done wrong, and yet pride rebelled, she could not yield; she could not acknowledge herself wrong. Never in her whole life had she said to any one those hard words to repeat in sincerity, "I am wrong, forgive me."

An hour passed away while Ella Selden communed with her own heart, the best, the brightest hour of her whole existence. She had, when that hour passed away, reversed her married life. She tried to judge herself and her husband as strangers would have done, she saw that she had been, obstinate, selfish and unkind, he had been forbearing, and though cold and indifferent sometimes, was she not to blame? She saw him in a new light, not only as the noble statesman, the admired friend, but the kind forbearing husband, her husband who had won her heart in her sunny girlhood. "O, Eugene," she cried. An arm stole softly around her, a kiss was impressed on her lips, and a voice all tremulous with emotion, said, "Ella, my wife. She could only reply, with a subdued voice,—"Forgive me, my husband, I have been so wicked, so wicked. Will you take me to your heart again, and here by our blessed baby's grave, I promise I will be a true and yielding wife." He could not speak, she said, "you will not forgive me, you will not speak. Eugene, oh, my husband, you will not send me from you, I should die, I could not live without you."

"I do, I do forgive you Ella, my wife. Never, never will we be separated save by death," and there with the yellow sunlight resting on the grave of their babe, and the sunlight of new affection in their hearts, they once more breathed the consecrated vow, a vow which they now felt should be sacredly kept even down to the cheerless grave.

The winter approached. Gay party succeeded party, and in the circle which had formerly charmed Mrs. Selden so much she was no longer seen. Many were the conjectures. It could not be ill health, the gay lady friends of her youth would whisper, for never had she looked better, neither could unhappiness be the cause, for when she appeared in the house of God with her husband, her face always wore a calm expression of happiness which could not be mistaken. They wondered—then forgot her almost entirely to fawn around some new star that shone out suddenly in the fashionable world.

And Eugene Selden, did he in his new found joy forget the love of his youth?—Did he after his sin, in forsaking her for a wealthier bride, enjoy the happiness which would have been his through life in the world-harvest? It is fearfully true, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and even though earth lays its pleasures without number at the feet of its votary, the words will ever be found true from experience, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Months passed by, in the beautiful home of Ella Selden, but not of happiness to her and her noble husband. She loved him with as fervent a love as she could give to any one, she was proud of him, of his noble mind. She listened to him with delight as he talked with the wise and great; she could not enter into his noble plans, his ideas to her were new and fatiguing, and she had never known that anything but adulation could give pleasure to the mind. Mr. Selden did not understand his wife. She could not appreciate him, and he attributed her indifference in regard to his thoughts, and words, to want of love, when in reality she loved him truly as she could, but had not the capacity of mind to sympathize with him. One there had been, when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance—happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he ascends with the Son of God to honor, glory and immortality.

Respectfully submitted,  
B. D. TOWNSEND, M. W. P.  
Philadelphia, Pa., June 1st, 1859.

EVERY MAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Every man is actually engaged, day by day, in writing that autobiography which neither time nor eternity will efface. It may be written in high places or in low, in public remembrance or in the honest heart of domestic affection; but we are writing fast, we are writing sure, we are writing for eternity. Happy is he who, through the grace of God assisting him, records such lessons of kindness, truth and wisdom, that when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance—happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he ascends with the Son of God to honor, glory and immortality.

An inn-keeper observing a position with only one spar, inquired of him the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another? If one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

Honestly, said the Irishman, is the best policy, if it does keep a man poor.

they watched in agony, and as the last ray of light beamed from his little eyes, and the smile faded from his lips, Ella wept on her husband's bosom, and said to him in the fulness of grief, "O Eugene I have only you now, my husband, my dear husband. Long and earnestly they wept on Eddie's grave, and then returned to their gloomy home, a sudden hope re-awakened in the heart of Mr. Selden, that Ella would prove a true wife. But as time passed on, she again thought for that excitement found in the gay assemblies of fashion, and on occasions had lived in that past years—